



DRUMMING DIRT OUT of the HOUSE

Gold Dust will do it—and do it quickly. It makes everything it touches neat and sweet, spick and span. Many a poor woman has worked and worn herself to a shadow from the constant strain of household cares, when **Gold Dust** would have relieved her of the lion's share of it.

When you stop to think that there are hundreds of powders and cleansers on the market today made to imitate **Gold Dust**—the father and original of them all—is it any wonder that **Gold Dust** sales are all but equal to those of all the others combined?

Gold Dust is the greatest cleanser ever discovered. It will do all that any other soap or cleanser will do, and is only then beginning. It will do more work, better work and more kinds of work than any similar cleanser on the market.

Cut your household labors in two with the aid of Gold Dust Washing Powder

Use **Gold Dust** for washing clothes and dishes, scrubbing floors, cleaning woodwork, oil-cloth, silverware and tinware, polishing brasswork, cleaning bathroom pipes, refrigerators, etc., softening hard water and making the finest soft soap.

Gold Dust is sold in 5c size and large packages. The large package offers greater economy.

Made by THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, Chicago
Makers of Fairy Soap (the oval cake)

"Let the GOLD DUST Twins do your work"

In Woman's Realm.

Put a handful of fine salt in the last rinsing water on washing day and the clothes will not freeze nearly as quickly as without the salt.

To clean swansdown, make a warm lather of soap and squeeze the down in this till it is clean. Rinse in fresh cold water with a little bluing in it. Then shake and hang in the air to dry.

To clean leather use good sweet cream, dip a piece of cheese cloth into the cream and rub the leather well with it. It cleanses the leather, and the fat of the cream is an excellent food for it. Then polish by dipping a piece of cheese cloth into the white of an egg which has been whipped as for frosting.

Beef and potato roll—Put one pound of lean beef through the meat chopper, and season it with one teaspoonful of salt and one saltspoonful of pepper. Mix into this a cupful of chopped boiled

potatoes and an unbeaten egg. Form into a loaf, and roll in oiled paper. Bake for a half hour in a moderate oven, basting two or three times with hot stock or water over the paper. When done take from the paper and serve in slices.

The Home Voice.

Have you ever noticed the close relationship between the home voice and the home atmosphere? And as the atmosphere is the sensitive, intangible thing it is affected by the voice, not by the atmosphere.

If the head of the house, whether it be the husband or the wife, has a whining voice, the atmosphere of that home is apt to be depressed. Everything is limp, so to speak, and spineless. Even the draperies hang in dejected folds. Nothing ever is right or bright or cheery. The home is a center of complaints.

In the home where the dominant voice is gruff or surly, an atmosphere of antagonism seems to prevail. Nobody seems to want to do what he ought to do. His manner implies a protest, a sulky compliance.

Take again the patronizing voice in the home, the voice that condescends to

tell the others what they should do. The family sit uneasily under it. There is a feeling of subjection in that home, a lack of individuality.—Exchange.

Besides this, there is the home voice and the visiting voice. Ever notice the difference when a person is talking to members of his own household and when he is chatting with a caller? In the latter case everything is lovely and the tones the sweetest, when if some members of the household are within hearing they almost wonder how such a transformation could have been made in so few minutes.

Is it not true that we use to our most intimate and most beloved friends and members of our families the cross, thoughtless and impatient words, which to them are due our best selves? If most of us could have a graphophone in our homes to take a record of our words and the very tones in which they are uttered and then have them repeat to us later in our own words and voices, the words that cut and hurt, perhaps it would be a lesson. They hurt somebody, and a resolve to refrain and then the keeping of it, would save numberless hours of regret after the impatient words have been spoken.

Dorothy Dexter.

TRAGEDY OF FROZEN NORTH

Revealed in Late News From Alaska

BODIES OF FOUR MEMBERS

Of the Northwest Police Are Found—
Death Struggle in the Wilds—Had
Tried to Make Trip of 250
Miles to Shelter.

Seattle, Wash., April 19.—A tragedy of the frozen North is told in advice from Dawson, Yukon territory, recounting the finding of the bodies of the members of the party of the royal north-west mounted police, who set out on Dec. 22 from Fort MacPherson for Dawson. The four men in the ill-fated expedition, which was under command of Capt. F. J. Fitzgerald, perished on the banks of Peel river, after their supplies had given out and they had eaten their dogs.

The bodies were found by a relief expedition sent out from Dawson on Feb. 28, which returned there Monday after having taken the dead to Fort MacPherson.

The men who subsequently perished, left MacPherson for Dawson with three dog teams, failed to find the Peel River pass across the Rockies, wandered about near the head of Wind river until Jan. 18, according to notes found on them, and when only ten pounds of flour, eight of bacon and some dried fish remained, started back toward MacPherson, a distance of 250 miles. Their supplies were soon exhausted and they began eating their dogs. They consumed every one of the fifteen, also their buckskin things and harness.

The Dawson post despatched a relief expedition on Feb. 28, under Corporal Dempster with Constables Kyle and Turner and Charles S. Stewart in the party. On March 21, the Dempster party found the bodies of Constables Kinney and Taylor, who had played out first, thirty-five miles from MacPherson, partly buried in the snow. A handkerchief and a note on a tree marked the place. Ten miles beyond they found the bodies of Capt. Fitzgerald and Constable Carter, who had tried to get on for relief.

Fitzgerald was the last to die. He had laid out Carter's body, crossing his hands and placing a handkerchief over his face. Then, with his last few ounces of strength he crept on a little further to the place where he perished.

The Dempster party pushed through to MacPherson, got help and took the bodies to MacPherson, where they were buried. The party then returned to Dawson.

The temperature was from 40 to 70 below zero.

STOCKS OFF SHARPLY.

Bears Attack Values in Wall Street, and Wide Losses Are Recorded.

New York, April 19.—The stock market broke badly yesterday under the influence of a vigorous bear raid. Not since the decision of the interstate commerce commission denying the increase in rates asked by the railroads, has there been such a disturbance of values. National Biscuit broke 6 1/2 points, Reading, Lehigh Valley and St. Paul 3 and other stocks from 1 to 4 points. Bears took advantage of the Mexican situation to inaugurate the selling movement. The downward movement was accelerated by uncovering of stop-loss orders and liquidation by pools which recently have been manipulating certain industrial stocks.

PLASTER FALLS ON PRINCE.

Brother of Abruzzi Hurt When Gas Heater Explodes in Bathroom.

Rome, April 19.—The Count of Turin, cousin of the Duke of Italy, and brother of the Duke of the Abruzzi, had a narrow escape from death at Florence on Saturday. While he was taking his bath in the Pitti palace the gas tube of the heating apparatus in the room exploded and knocked a hole in the ceiling of the bathroom. A heavy piece of the plaster fell from a point just above where the count was standing. He partly escaped by dodging, but was struck by some fragments and scratched and bruised.

VICTORY FOR COX.

To Be Tried by Judge Whom Prosecutor Objected To.

Columbus, O., April 19.—George B. Cox, Cincinnati's Republican boss, who has been charged with perjury and almost every other thing on the calendar, won a big victory yesterday in the supreme court over his enemies, who are trying to send him to the penitentiary. Prosecutor Harry Hunt of Cincinnati tried to swear Common Pleas Judge C. J. Hunt off the bench on the ground of prejudice, but Cox got his case before Judge Hunt and the case will have to be tried before him in spite of the prosecutor's objections.

FEAR JAPAN.

Chinese Hear That Manchuria May Be Taken.

Amoy, China, April 19.—The Chinese populace is greatly wrought up as a consequence of the publication by the local press of the frequently recurring rumor that the Japanese plan the seizure of Manchuria and of Fukien province, in which this city is situated.

Monday the local self government societies met in mass meetings to devise means for the defense of the country.

He Couldn't Afford It.

He never took a day of rest.
He couldn't afford it.
He never had his trousers pressed.
He couldn't afford it.
He never went away, care-free,
To visit distant lands, to see
How far a place this world might be—
He couldn't afford it.

He never went to see a play,
He couldn't afford it.
His love for art he put away,
He couldn't afford it.
He died and left his heirs a lot,
But no tall shaft proclaims the spot
In which he lies—his children thought
They couldn't afford it.

—Selected.

A PRISONER'S MESSAGE

By H. SANBORN BROWNE

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John Bounce was a prisoner in a county jail in the wild west. He had foolishly bought a horse for \$10 that was worth a hundred, not thinking that the seller, being willing to part with the horse for such a low price, must have stolen it. John was arrested, charged with the theft, convicted and sentenced to serve five years in jail.

One day the jailer said to John: "I shall see your wife tomorrow. Have you any message for her?" "Yes," replied John; "tell her to get me out of this."

The jailer looked at his prisoner, surprised. "Do you mean," he asked, "that you wish her to intercede with the governor to pardon you?" "No; I wish her to tell me how to escape."

The jailer looked at John again, this time with a melancholy expression. He considered that a man who would send such a message by one whose business it would be to thwart any plan that might be adopted must be losing his mind.

"All right," he said, humoring the poor man; "I'll give her your message."

The jailer went the next day to the town where the woman lived and, having transacted the business he had to do, went to see her.

"How is my poor husband?" she asked at once.

"Have you the courage to bear some bad news?" inquired the jailer in lieu of reply.

"Yes; tell me at once," she asked eagerly.

"Well, I fear the confinement and the attendant misfortunes have affected his brain."

The woman was very much overcome by this and begged the jailer to tell her what had brought him to such a conclusion, whereupon the latter gave her her husband's message. As soon as she heard it she set up such a wall that many of the neighbors rushed in to know what was the matter. Mrs. Bounce told them that the imprisonment her husband was suffering for an offense of which he was innocent had affected his mind; he had gone daff. They advised her to secure the services of a lawyer to have John brought before a commission to determine the facts. If one of unsound mind had been convicted an injustice had been done which should be righted. The prisoner had always been much liked in the town, and a great deal of sympathy was manifested for him. When the jailer left them he promised the wife that he would observe her husband closely and when he came again would bring her another message—that is, if John had any to send.

The next message the jailer brought Mrs. Bounce was: "My jailer thinks me insane. He never was more mistaken in his life. Wings are now growing on my shoulders. By the first day of the month they will be fully grown, and then I shall fly up the chimney and return to you and our children."

When Mrs. Bounce received this message she wailed louder than ever, declaring that the cruel treatment her husband was receiving, he being incarcerated in a cell, was making his condition worse every day. The jailer assured her that her husband was not in a cell, but in a room by himself, in which there was an old fashioned large chimney giving fine ventilation. But she refused to be comforted.

As soon as the jailer had departed Mrs. Bounce went out and bought several ladders, besides fifty feet of stout rope, and put them in her cellar. On the night of the last day of the month she hitched the family horse to the wagon, put the ladders and the rope in it and set out for the jail. She timed her starting to reach her destination at midnight, and, stopping a short distance from the building that stood by itself, she carried the ladders to the wall that surrounded it. Placing one ladder against the wall, she mounted it, and, selecting another that would reach from the wall to the roof of the jail, she climbed on to the roof and, going to a large chimney, let one end of the rope fall with a thud on the hearth below. John, who was on the watch, heard it and, seizing it, tied it around his body under his arms. Then, jerking it for a signal, Mrs. Bounce began to pull.

The chimney was not large enough to enable John to help himself, but his wife was a strong as well as a shrewd woman, and by dint of hard pulling she got him up, and, scrambling to the wall and to the ground outside, they took the ladders and the rope with them and drove away.

The next morning Mrs. Bounce told the neighbors that her poor deluded husband had appeared at home during the night, declaring that he had wings on his shoulders and had flown up the chimney. They were all very much puzzled, but swore that the half-witted fellow should not go back to jail. When the jailer learned what had happened he knew he had been outwitted, but he dare not tell the story to the authorities. So he made a feint at recapturing John, but was driven off by the neighbors and finally reported that it would be impossible to take the lunatic back to jail without a large sheriff's posse. So the matter went by default, and John remained at liberty.

It is needless to say that he soon recovered his sanity.

A CARD.

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a 50-cent bottle of Green's Warranted Syrup of Tar, if it fails to cure your cough or cold. We also guarantee a 25-cent bottle to prove satisfactory, or money refunded.

Ed Cross Pharmacy, E. A. Brown, C. H. Kendrick & Co., D. F. Davis, George L. Edson, J. D. McArthur, W. B. Miles & Co., McAllister Bros., D. C. Howard, J. A. Cumming, J. W. Parmenter.

We draw bills of exchange available in every country of the world. Correspondents of Baring Brothers & Co., Ltd.



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MRS. W. E. COREY.

Wife of Steel Magnate
to Sing For Charity.



A TRAMP PARTNERSHIP

By M. QUAD

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One summer's day as a lone widow was driving an emigrant wagon along the dusty highways of Colfax county bound "for Kansas or bust" she was met by Deacon Pegram, farmer. He ascertained that she had a few hundred dollars in cash and knew little about agriculture or soils, and after inviting her to his home for a stay of a week he sold her the very poorest farm in all that country, noted for its fertile soil.

One sunny day in March as she stood at her gate a tramp came slowly up the road and paused before her. Things looked poverty poor to him, and he had no thought of asking for any-

SHE SUFFERED FIVE YEARS

Finally Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Erie, Pa.—"I suffered for five years from female troubles and at last was almost helpless. I went to three doctors and they did me no good, so my sister advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and when I had taken only two bottles I could see a big change, so I took six bottles and I am now strong and well again. I don't know how to express my thanks for the good it has done me and I hope all suffering women will give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. It was worth its weight in gold."—Mrs. J. P. ENDLICH, R. F. D. No. 7, Erie, Pa.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotic or harmful drugs, and to-day holds the record for the largest number of actual cures of female diseases we know of, and thousands of voluntary testimonials are on file in the Pinkham laboratory at Lynn, Mass., from women who have been cured from almost every form of female complaints, such as inflammation, ulceration, displacements, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, indigestion and nervous prostration. Every suffering woman owes it to herself to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial.

If you want special advice write Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for it. It is free and always helpful.

There was an even divide of the money at the kitchen table. The tramp took the \$50 and put it away and laid the balance on the widow's pile.

"Fifty will last me for a hundred years to come," he said.

"But you must take your half," was protested.

"You can be my banker till I come this way again. I just wanted to see if I had become entirely worthless to the world and myself, and as a student of agricultural chemistry I wanted to experiment with old Mother Earth once more. I've got the wandelust strong on me again, and it's goodby."

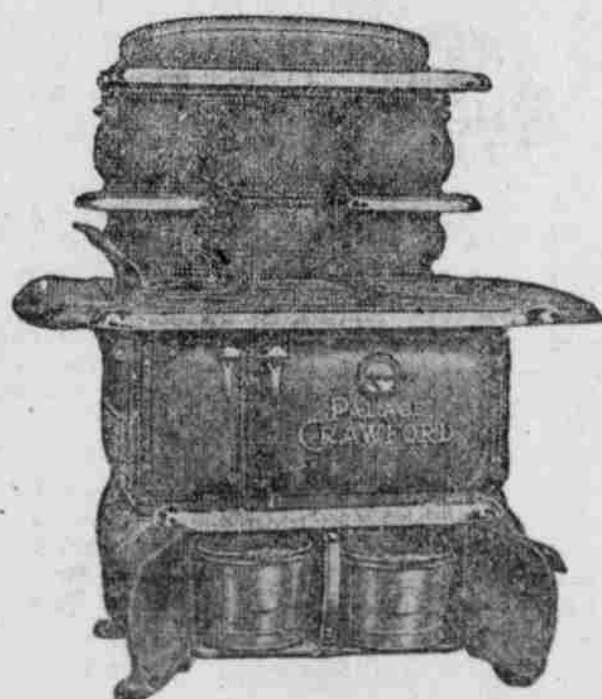
The widow wanted to say many kind words to him, for he had been considerate, strong and industrious and in every way reliable, but when she had prepared his supper and looked for him he was not to be found, nor did he come again with the passing years.

The Cooks who have used the Single Damper of the

Crawford Ranges

will never go back to the troublesome two-damper range

The cost of the food spoiled by mistakes in regulating the ordinary two-damper ranges amounts to a large sum.



The Single Damper of the Crawford affords absolute fire and oven control by one motion—slide the knob to "kindle," "bake" or "check," the range does the rest.

The Oven of the Crawford has cup-joint heat flues which heat everywhere alike and make it the quickest and surest of bakers.

The Two Hods (patented) in the base—one for ashes instead of the old clumsy ash pan—one for coal, is a great trouble-saving feature.

Gas Ovens and Broilers above or at end of range, if desired.

Ask the Crawford Agent to show you and write us for circulars.

Walker & Pratt Mfg. Co., 31 Union St., Boston

For Sale by C. W. Averill & Co., Barre Agents.